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"Shall" and "Will"

ONE of the nephews of the late Emperor William I. of Germany once said to a friend of mine, 'My father shall attend the military review to-morrow.' He was told that the proper English would be, 'will attend.' 'No,' he replied, 'shall is used when one is commanded, and my father shall attend, because the King has commanded him.' He had not learned that only the person in whom the authority is vested uses the word *shall* in the second or third person. In most languages the future tense, so called in grammars, does not determine the meaning of the speaker. That must be learned from the connexion or drift of the narrative, and from the character of the speaker. For example, when it is said in Hebrew, 'In the day thou eatest thereof, *taumuth*, or in the Latin Vulgate, *moriere*, or in the Greek Septuagint, *apothancisthe*, there is a manifest ambiguity. The word itself might be simply the declaration of one who knew that the fruit was poisonous, and who wished to warn Adam of the fatal consequence of eating it; or it might be the threatening of a legislator against the transgression of his law. The word itself does not decide the meaning. But in English, which has two forms to express the future, there can be no ambiguity. For, according to the first supposition, the words should be rendered, 'If thou eat thereof, thou *will* die;' according to the second, 'thou *shalt* die.' The former is a simple statement of what will take place; the latter, the sanction of a law threatening punishment. Another example will clearly illustrate this. In the English version of the Bible we read, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' In the Hebrew it is merely the future tense of the verb. How shall it be rendered in English? If it be, as is generally admitted, an authoritative declaration of the will of God that the murderer shall forfeit his life, then the translation is correct. But, if the meaning of the passage be, what the opponents of capital punishment say it is, only a prediction that whoever wilfully takes the life of another, will himself meet a violent death at the hand of his fellow-man, then the rendering should be, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man *will* his blood be shed.' Which auxiliary should be used depends on the interpretation.

These two auxiliaries are often incorrectly used. Two hundred years ago they were confounded, though *shall* was more common than *will*. But at the present day, though the distinction is recognized, it is often disregarded, even by intelligent people, in conversation; by educated men in the pulpit, at the bar, on the platform; by otherwise good writers in books, magazines, and newspapers; and in the English versions of the Bible. The misuse of these words is specially characteristic of the Scotch, the Irish, and the people of the Western and Southwestern States. Obvious as is the distinction between these words, there are those who regard it as of trivial importance. Even so eminent a scholar and critic as Mr. George P. Marsh says the distinction 'has at present no logical value or significance whatever,' and predicts that 'at no very distant day this verbal quibble will

disappear, and that one of the auxiliaries will be employed with all persons of the nominative exclusively as the sign of the future, and the other only as an expression of purpose or authority.' Others maintain that because those claiming to be authorities constantly disagree in regard to this matter, there must be subtler differences than those that lie on the surface, and therefore the question as to which form is correct is difficult of decision. That there may be cases where it is doubtful which auxiliary should be used, is not unlikely. But this is rare. Generally it is not difficult to determine, and often the misuse confuses the sense. Any one of course sees the difference between, 'You will fall into the pit,' and, 'You shall fall into the pit,' or, 'He will come home,' and, 'He shall come home.' The Frenchman who fell into the water, and said, 'I *will* drown, nobody *shall* help me,' would have said what he meant, had he said, 'I *shall* drown, nobody *will* help me.'

Let us now consider the specific difference of these two words. *Shall* (Anglo-Saxon *scéal*) in its primitive sense denotes obligation, necessity. In German it still retains this sense. It was once used as a principal verb in the sense of *owe*, or being under obligation, as in Chaucer, 'By the faith I shall to God.' But as an auxiliary, when used in the first person, it has lost the idea of duty or necessity, and expresses simply a declaration of what is to take place; as, 'I shall go to New York to-morrow, and shall be glad to execute your commission;' 'We shall attend the lecture to-night;'

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

If uttered with emphasis the certainty of the occurrence is implied, and the meaning is similar to the emphatic, 'I *will*.'

Shall in the first person, used interrogatively, is simply an inquiry as to the future. Thus, 'Shall I find you at home?' *i. e.*, 'May I expect to find you at home?'; or it refers the matter to the pleasure of the person addressed; as, 'Shall I go?' *i. e.*, 'May I be permitted to go?' equivalent to 'May I go?' In the second and third persons of the indicative mood, *shall* resumes its radical element of obligation, and expresses either *first* a command; as, 'Thou *shalt* not steal,' 'He *shall* go.' Or, second, an authoritative declaration of the will of a superior; as, 'You *shall* suffer for your crime.' In this case the event is inevitable, because under the control of the speaker. Or, third, it assumes an obligation on the part of the speaker—that is, virtually makes a promise; as, 'You shall receive your wages,' that is, you ought to receive your wages, and the right of the one to receive implies an obligation of the other to pay. 'He *shall* get his reward,' 'Do this, and thou *shalt* live,' 'In thee *shall* all the families of the earth be blessed,' 'He *shall* be remembered in my will,' 'Ask and ye *shall* receive.'

But in direct narrative, *shall* may express futurity in the second and third persons; as, 'He says or thinks that he shall go.' So when *shall* in the second and third person is preceded by *whoever*, *when*, *while*, *if*, *provided*, *unless*, *till*, *as long as*, and similar conditional words or phrases, it ceases to express obligation; as, 'Whoever *shall* put away his wife,' 'When you *shall* have read the book,' 'While the storm *shall* continue,' 'If you *shall* see my friend,' 'Provided you or he *shall* receive information,' 'Unless the criminal *shall* escape,' 'Till sun *shall* rise and set no more,' 'As long as life *shall* last,' 'The question whether the house *shall* be built,' 'Be not anxious what ye *shall* eat.' In these and like examples, though in the second and third person, there is no obligation, command, or promise, but *shall* refers simply to a future act or event. But *shall* in the second person, used interrogatively, asks for information merely as to another's intention, as, 'Shall you go?'; and in the third person asks the permission or advice of another, as, 'Shall he go?' that is, 'Do you *require* or *permit* him to go,' and the answer is, 'He *shall* go.'

It would seem from the frequent use of *shall* in the third person by educated men of the present day, that they re-

gard it as expressing more positive certainty of the event declared than *will* would express. But is this so? Take this from Longfellow:

'For thee *shall* come a mightier blast;
There *shall* be a darker day.'
'Then *shall* the good stand in immortal bloom,
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.'

And this from President Caldwell of Vassar College: 'Christianity is health-giving, and through its life *shall* come a better race, whose better blood *shall* match the better morals.' So also the following from the Rev. Mr. Chadwick: 'The time *will* come when men *shall* approach the Bible, and appreciate its intrinsic power and beauty. It *shall* not be thought a virtue to read it through once a year. It *shall* no longer be the unusual ornament of parlor-table,' etc. In all these extracts we have simple predictions, for which *will* is the appropriate word, and the events are not made more certain by using *shall*. In some passages of the Bible the future of the Greek in the third person were better rendered by *may* or *can* than by *shall*. Thus: 'The kingdom of heaven *shall* be likened;' 'Every one who heareth these sayings of mine *shall* be likened;' 'If it bear fruit, well; but if not, thou *shalt* cut it down;' Felix said to Agrippa, who desired to hear Paul, 'To-morrow thou *shalt* hear him;' 'Ye *shall* know them by their fruits;' 'He is of age; he *shall* speak for himself.' We often hear *shall* familiarly used for *may* in the second person; as when a mother says to her child, 'My dear, you *shall* have the doll.' And not only in familiar talk, but in grave discourse, the preacher, arguing a point, says to his hearer, 'You *shall* judge for yourself.' *May* or *can* would be the proper word.

Will was originally a principal verb, and is still so used, denoting the determination of the mind, for 'He *will*s to go' is radically of the same import as 'He *will* go.' It has a common origin with the Latin *volo*. Hence the German has *wollen*, the old English *woll*, and the contraction *won't* for *woll not*. The radical meaning, then, of *will* is purpose, intention, determination. This is apparent especially in the first person, as, 'If I come to the city, I will call upon you,' that is, such is my intention. 'Whatever be the weather, I will go to New York;' such is my determination. A promise is also sometimes implied; as, 'If you are in need, I will help you.' In the following sentence we have the correct use of *shall* and *will*: 'We *shall* expect you to dinner to-morrow, and hope you *will* not disappoint us.'

Will should not be used in the first person, unless purpose or determination be implied. Thus, it is not proper to say, 'I *will* be obliged to go,' 'We *will* be forced to remain.' The following sentences are therefore incorrect. Dr. Chalmers, the Scotch divine, says: 'I am not able to devote as much time and attention to other subjects as I *will* be under the necessity of doing next winter.' Dr. McCosh says: 'I trust we *will* be sustained in our efforts by parents and the public press.' Again, he says to the students: 'If we be wise, we *will* be seeking for a king to rule over us, and when we find him, we *will* give him love and obedience.' Gen. Sherman in a speech said: 'The young look to us for examples and advice, and we *will* be recreant to our trusts, if we fail to warn them.' Dr. Hoge of Richmond wrote: 'I *will* be unable to go to Saratoga as delegate from the Southern Assembly.' *Will* cannot be used in the first person in asking a question. Yet Bridget asks her mistress, 'Will I sweep the parlor to-day, mam?' Patrick says to his employer, 'Will I dig the garden, sir?'

In the second and third person, *will* foretells an event, or declares what will take place. Thus, 'If you fall into the water, you *will* be drowned;' 'If you disobey your parents, you *will* be punished;' 'He *will* call on you to-morrow;' 'He *will* lend you the money;' 'If he is good, he *will* be happy;' 'Thou *wilt* not leave me in the loathsome grave.' *Will* in the second person, when used by a superior to a subordinate, politely expresses a command; as, 'You *will*

report yourself to your commanding officer.' *Will* used interrogatively, in the second person, asks the wish of the person addressed. As, 'Will you go to the lecture?' that is, do you wish or choose to go. In the third person, it asks about the purpose of others; as, 'Will they go to the concert?' that is, do they intend to go. *Would* and *should* are used like *will* and *shall*. Thus, 'If you *would* have health, you *should* be abstemious;' 'If he *should* succeed in business, he *would* contribute liberally;' 'If he *would* succeed in business, he *should* be honest.'

The following sentence, reporting an interview between President Grant and a committee from Pennsylvania, shows how these two words are misused: 'They intended making no suggestions or recommendations further than that if Pennsylvania was to be represented, the appointment *would* be given to a man who *should* be known as an unflinching supporter of the Republican party.' These two words should change places.

I have stated that *shall*, in the second and third person, expresses not only a command, but also an authoritative declaration of a superior. For this reason it is thought that predictions and other solemn divine utterances, require the use of *shall*. But the fact that a prediction is a divine utterance is not in my view a sufficient reason for using *shall*, unless the divine purpose controls the event, rendering it inevitable. Take this declaration as an illustration, 'Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.' If this assertion is designed as a declaration of the will of God, and that He in His providence will so arrange as to bring about such a result, then *shall* is the appropriate word. But if it is a simple prediction of what *will*, or may be expected to, happen, *will* should be used. So in the words, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that *shall* he also reap'—or *will*, according to the sense. But in the following passage, there is no doubt as to the meaning: 'These *shall* go away into everlasting punishment.' Manifestly this is not a prediction of what will happen, but an authoritative declaration of Christ that the wicked *should* be punished. *Shall* therefore, not *will*, is the proper word to be used.

Let us now briefly recapitulate:—*Shall* in the first person simply asserts a fact, or expresses purpose. *Will* in the first person expresses intention, determination, promise. *Shall* in the second and third person expresses command, promise, authoritative assertion of a superior, or an inevitable action controlled by the speaker. *Will* in the second and third person foretells, or declares the certainty of an event. Interrogatively, *shall* in the first and third persons asks the permission or advice of another; in the second, it asks his intention. Interrogatively, *will* cannot be used in the first person; in the second, it inquires about the wish or choice of another; in the third, about his purpose.

At the beginning of this essay I stated that the distinction between these words was disregarded by the translators of the Bible. Yet, though they confounded the two words, it is evident that they almost invariably used *shall* where, according to present usage, *will* would have been the proper word. Dr. Campbell, in his 'Philosophy of Rhetoric,' says: 'At the time when the common translation was made, the use of these auxiliary verbs did not entirely coincide with the present one. In the solemn style, especially in all prophecies and predictions, *shall* was constantly used, when everybody now speaking in prose would say *will*. In the graver sorts of poetry the same use is made of the auxiliary *shall*.' I give some passages first from the authorized version, underscoring *shall*, that its impropriety, as judged by present use, may be the more apparent: 'The Lord *shall* destroy him,' 'The Lord *shall* fight for you,' 'Thou *shall* not suffer thy Holy one to see corruption,' 'The Lord *shall* comfort Zion.' *Will*, expressing simply the assertion of a fact, is the proper word to be used in these places; and so we find it in the clause following the last quotation, 'He *will* comfort all her waste places.' 'Surely goodness and mercy *shall* follow me,' etc., 'And I *will* dwell in the house

of the Lord forever,' should have been 'Goodness and mercy *will* follow me,' etc., and 'I *shall* dwell,' etc. 'My voice thou *shalt* hear in the morning;' 'The Lord *shall* cut off all flattering lips;' 'He *shall* judge the earth in righteousness;' 'Thou *shalt* rule them with a rod of iron, thou *shalt* dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.' But contrary to the usual practice of the translators, in Psalm xvii., 15, we have, 'I *will* behold thy face in righteousness.' *Will* should have been *shall*, as in the latter clause, 'I *shall* be satisfied;' the Psalmist expressing not a determination to see God's face, but simply the fact that he should.

These are from the Old Version. In the New we shall of course find a change. Let us see. 'The brother *shall* deliver up the brother to death; children *shall* rise up against parents; ye *shall* be hated of all men; a man's foes *shall* be they of his own household.' 'The Son of Man *shall* be delivered to the chief priests and scribes, and they *shall* condemn Him to death, and *shall* deliver Him to the Gentiles, and the third day He *shall* be raised up.' 'Many *shall* come in My name, and *shall* lead many astray.' 'The love of the many *shall* wax cold.' 'Many *shall* rejoice at His birth.' 'Grievous wolves *shall* enter in among you.' 'So *shall* the Jews bind this man.' 'There *shall* be no loss of life among you.' 'Some *shall* fall away.' 'Many *shall* be lovers of self.' 'One of you *shall* betray Me.' 'Thou *shalt* deny Me thrice.' It is not strange that King James's translators almost uniformly used *shall*, in conformity with the usage of their time. The question then arises, why did not the authors of the New Version conform to the usage of the present day?

Two reasons may be assigned. First, a reluctance to modify the style of the established Version, especially as they were required to make as few changes as possible. But they did make many changes in the translation, and those of quite a radical character, whereas the change here contended for would have been merely of one word for another. The other supposed reason is that they took the ground of Mr. Marsh, that the distinction is a trivial one, and therefore it were wise to leave unchanged a form familiar by long usage. Yet they themselves recognized the distinction as important, having sometimes changed *shall* in the Old Version to *will* in the New. Moreover, it is difficult for us to believe that men of culture and taste should adopt the strange notion that it makes no difference which word is used in the translation, when it is admitted that present correct usage recognizes the distinction. Suppose, to illustrate, some one foreseeing the treason and the final defeat of Jefferson Davis had said, 'Davis *shall* prove himself a traitor, but he *shall* be defeated.' Every one would say that this is not the style in which a prediction would be uttered at the present day. And yet when the translator represents Christ as saying, 'One of you *shall* betray Me,' and 'Thou *shalt* deny Me thrice,' we are told that the distinction is unimportant, that it makes no difference which auxiliary is used.

SAMUEL HUTCHINGS.

Reviews

Mr. Lowell's "Political Essays" *

TO THE generation of voters born since the close of the Civil War, who will cast their first ballots in November, it will be something of a surprise to learn that Mr. Lowell has been a political essayist for thirty years. That he had always taken a lively interest in public questions they already knew from his poems; but to many the appearance of this volume of 'Political Essays' will be the first intimation they have had of the poet's service as a prose-writer in discussing the questions of the day. Of his skill in the treatment of the broader problems of government they had had an example in the opening paper in 'Democracy, and Other Essays,' his previously published vol-

ume of prose, in which the 'other essays' (delivered for the most part during his official residence in England) were on themes more nearly akin to those considered in his earliest writings. For the opportunity of reading the articles here gathered together (one only is of later date than 'Democracy') they are indebted to those friends and admirers of the essayist who have at last persuaded him that their value is not wholly ephemeral.

The reader will be struck, as the author himself has been, by the evidence they bear to his success in keeping his head cool at a time when his 'heart was at boiling point.' A cool head was not the possession of every participant in, or interested observer of, the events which preceded the outbreak of the Rebellion, or those which marked the period of Reconstruction; but Mr. Lowell was as close a reasoner, as clear-eyed a prognosticator, even during the days of actual strife as he is to-day, when there is no question before the people of quite such overwhelming consequence as the anti-slavery agitation had brought to the surface when this series of occasional papers was begun. He foresaw the results of the War with an infallibility not common to all the prophets of '61 nor even of '65; and his writings were prepared with a view, not to their immediate effect alone, but to their lasting influence. There is here no intemperate outcry against the South, but only a scathing rebuke of the political and moral heresies which had gained so firm a foothold there. It is the political and social moralist sitting in judgment on offences against primal laws; not the politician decrying the men and measures of a rival or hostile party. And as a consequence of this philosophical, impersonal tone, it is quite conceivable that Southern readers of the younger generation—and of the older, too, save only the hopelessly 'unreconstructed'—should read these pamphlets of *ante-bellum* and immediately *post-bellum* days with patience as well as profit.

It is not simply this quality that keeps them fresh to-day; it is, quite as much, that literary charm which pervades all of Mr. Lowell's writings, whether in prose or verse. Even the reader (if such there be) indifferent to the broad truths here set forth must admire the cogency with which they are urged, the vividness of the illustrations employed in emphasizing them, and the scholarly exactness of speech and purity of style which lift them into a region above that of the average political dissertation, and give them a place in the domain of literature. Their author is felt to be first a moralist; second, a politician, in the better sense of the word; third, a scholar; then a poet; and lastly, but in no small measure, a humorist. We use this word, as we have used the word politician, in its better and wider sense, which includes the idea of humanity of judgment as well as keenness of perception. It is not alone that the essayist lets pass no legitimate opportunity of enlivening his matter with a turn obvious to his own nimble fancy but unsuspected by the reader; but that he reveals throughout a breadth and generosity of view which frees his criticisms from any savor of bitterness. This is not wholly, however, a thing of nature. Art must be credited with some share in it. It is a saving quality in the writings of any critic of men and manners; its presence in Matthew Arnold's strictures on America, for instance, would have added vastly to their effectiveness; for this was one of the cases in which it was not so much what the critic said, as the way he said it, that made his dicta difficult of acceptance.

The opening article in the volume is 'The American Tract Society' (1858)—a lay sermon to that ultra-conservative organization of evangelical Christians, on the duty of recommending mercy to the master as well as obedience to the slave, no matter what effect such a course might have upon its revenues from Southern sources. 'The Election in November' (1860) was the election that resulted, as the essayist declared it would and should, in the defeat of Messrs. Breckinridge, Douglas, and Bell, the success of Mr. Lincoln, and the secession of the slave-holding States. Mr. Lowell

* Political Essays. By James Russell Lowell. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

did not propose that the agitation of the question of slavery should be suppressed. 'The discussion of slavery is said to be dangerous, but dangerous to what? The manufacturers of the Free States constitute a more numerous class than the slaveholders of the South: suppose they should claim an equal sanctity for the Protective System. Discussion is the very life of free institutions, the fruitful mother of all political and moral enlightenment.' In 'E Pluribus Unum' (1861) President Buchanan is taken to task for 'admitting the right of secession,' and reminded that 'there is a vast difference between letting well alone, and allowing bad to become worse by a want of firmness at the outset.' The consideration by Mr. Lincoln's cabinet of the propriety of abandoning Fort Pickens, a step which would be 'almost to acknowledge the independence of the Rebel States,' inspired 'The Pickens-and-Stealin's Rebellion' (1861), wherein the opinion is expressed that war could only have been evaded at that time 'by concessions vastly more disastrous than war itself,' that 'there is no prosperity so great as courage,' and that, 'whatever other result this war is destined to produce, it has already won for us a blessing worth everything to us as a nation, in emancipating the public opinion of the North.' 'General McClellan's Report' and 'McClellan or Lincoln?', both written in 1864, pronounce the judgment that the Democratic General was 'better fitted to state the abstract problems' of those days 'than to apprehend the complex details of their solution.'

In the same year, in considering 'The Rebellion: its Causes and Consequences,' it is predicted that 'the masses of the Southern people will not feel too keenly the loss of a kind of property in which they had no share, while it made them underlings, that they will not find it hard to reconcile themselves with a government from which they had no real cause of estrangement,' and that the war will end 'in making us the most powerful and prosperous community the world ever saw.' Reconstruction is, of course, one of the strongest and noblest papers in the book. 'The South has received a lesson of suffering,' said Mr. Lowell in 1865, 'which satisfies all the legitimate ends of punishment, and as for vengeance, it is contrary to our national temperament and the spirit of our government. Our great object should be, not to weaken, but to strengthen, the South,—to make it richer and not poorer.' 'Scotch the Snake, or Kill It?' (1865) is an appeal to the Government to complete its work by wiping out caste, as it has already crushed out slavery, in the South. 'The President on the Stump' (1866) is Mr. Johnson—the first of our Presidents who has descended to the stump, and spoken to the people as if they were a mob. 'The Seward-Johnson Reaction' (1866) pricks the Johnsonian fallacy that the seceding States *had* not seceded because they *could* not secede, but protests against dignifying his political heresies and personal humiliations by impeachment and trial. 'The Independent in Politics' (April 13, 1888) is of too recent date to need extended notice here. It was widely copied and quoted from a few months ago, and is circulated in cheap pamphlet form by the Messrs. Putnam. It is the timeliest of the essays in the book before us; the crying evils of the present day, which Mr. Lowell would see reformed by the independent voters of the land, being the application of the 'Spoils System' to the Civil Service, and the investment of the Protective System with that sanctity which he hinted at as a remote possibility so long ago as the year before the War.

The Æneid in English Hexameters*

DR. CRANE'S translation of the Æneid is an attempt to render the poem literally, line by line, into English hexameters. It is introduced by an extended preface, giving some notice of previous translations, defending the hexameter as an English verse-form, and presenting an estimate of the

Æneid as a poem and of the character of its hero. Notwithstanding his familiarity with the poem, the author has curiously misconceived the character of Æneas, 'whose treatment of the lovely Queen Dido' he stigmatizes as 'simply execrable, and utterly unworthy the high distinction which the poet has sought to confer upon him. There is really no palliation for it, save in the low standard of morals fostered by the religious systems then in vogue in Rome.' This is not an uncommon opinion. But the truth is, that to Vergil and the Romans, Æneas was a Moses, bringing the seed of a chosen people under divine guidance and command to a promised land. In the Roman view the highest trait of character was an unswerving, unquestioning obedience to duty. To prove Æneas a true hero to the popular fancy, the poet must present him tested in all parts of his nature and never failing in his duty to the gods. Had the episode of his devotion to Dido not been introduced, the portraiture of his character would have been incomplete. That he at once released himself from the bonds of affection on the bidding of the gods, showed a self-mastery in the pursuit of duty, which was, to the Roman, truly and eminently heroic. There is an interesting instance of inconsequent reasoning on page xx., where the suggestion is made that perhaps the custom of sprinkling holy water in the Roman Church was in its origin in some measure due to the references to lustral sprinkling by the poet, the wide circulation and popularity of whose works in the Middle Ages are well-known; as if it were not an established fact that many ceremonial forms crept into the Church almost at the start from pagan surroundings, and as if sprinklings were not a marked feature in the Hebrew ritual!

Translations in general fall into two classes. One sort aims to present a work of some other tongue to the English reader as literature, rendering it with spirit, and making the literary form paramount to perfect accuracy in presenting the thought; the other purposes to give us the thought as literally as possible, without doing violence to English idiom. Whatever be the aim of the translator, the taste of the present day, as contrasted with the times of Pope and Dryden, demands a more exact reproduction of an author's meaning, whether the translator wishes to excel in literary finish or not. Of what possible use a verse-form can be, in a strictly literal translation, it is hard to see; certainly prose hampers the translator less, and is apt to be much clearer. It is noteworthy that several of the most poetic translations of ancient poetry of late have been in prose, as Butcher and Lang's 'Odyssey' and Munro's 'Lucretius.' It is impossible to transfer to English verse the aroma of the Latin or the Greek; and it seems strange that so many thus attempt to render Vergil, whose polished and somewhat artificial style defies transference to another language. If Vergil is to be translated, let his sonorous lines be put into sonorous and easy-reading English verse, where the translator, who should be a poet himself, will take enough liberty with the Roman's thought to suggest to the English ear something of the spirit and charm of the original; or else let him be done into literal prose, clear, flowing and musical, faithful to the poet's phrase, but not offensive to our taste from the flavor of stilted Latin-English. Literal translation into verse, like Howland's rendering of the first six books of the Æneid into hexameters, may evince painstaking and extended labor; but translators should beware lest they so degrade a noble masterpiece as to bring it into contempt before a world of people who are unable to appreciate the beauty of the original. Vergil's own word should sound as a warning—'Procul, O procul este, profani!' The success of Dr. Crane's translation may be judged from the following lines (Book IV. 296-299):

But the queen has the ruses—for who can bamboozle a lover?—
Early surmised, and the moves of the future divined at the outset,
Fearing the all-things-safe, To her love has the self-same
Rumor detailed that the fleet was equipped and prepared for a voyage.

* Virgil's Æneid. Translated Literally into English Dactylic Hexameters. By Oliver Crane, D.D. \$1.75. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

Balzac's "Magic Skin"*

IF THE history of Balzac's psychological development could be arranged chronologically, we should say that 'La Peau de Chagrin' ('The Magic Skin') belonged among the cruder periods, when the author's genius was, so to speak, still viscous, thick, unclear, full of fermentation. The subterranean bulb creeps unfailingly to the light, however. The genius overwhelmed by its own richness penetrates the obstacle and makes its way, through its own intellectual luxuriance, to clearer regions of self-understanding and art. Renan declares that no man under forty can write. May we not supplement the *mot*, by saying that no novelist succeeds until he has written forty novels? Anthony Trollope, Dumas père, and Balzac at least prove a part of our thesis. Each had to unwind—disentangle—himself, remove the adhering filaments, emerge to a style, work off a superfluity, keep an artistic fast, celebrate a *petit-carême* of forty days—or forty novels—and then, ultimately, reach a plane whence every effort was an easy work of genius, every line told, every word had a personal savor, every character was a creation. 'Waverley' is the famous exception that proves (that is, tests) the rule; but even 'Waverley' was an artistic upland reached only after many ascents.

Miss Wormley, for reasons of her own, neglects the chronological arrangement of her admirable Balzac museum: she prefers to startle us at the very door with such a blazing apparition as 'Père Goriot,' followed by 'César Birotteau,' 'Cousin Pons,' 'Eugénie Grandet,' 'A Country Doctor,' and other phenomenal romances that nearly take our breath away, and make us wonder how and where this full-fledged giant began. Now that we have nine or ten of Balzac's best works in good translations, we can read back, rearrange for ourselves, place each in its definite *Anno Domini*, and study the zones and climates of a great soul, in their exact localities, with their exact meteorological phenomena. We felt all along that there must have been a spring before all this flush of summer,—that there was even an autumn with its pathetic gold and a shimmer of winter with disenchanting icicles; but we did not see either in the 'Duchesse de Langeais' or 'The Two Brothers.' In 'The Magic Skin' the burgeoning begins: a romance full of youth, mysticism, allegory, ardor, with a faint peach flush of German transcendentalism, just enough to give a lovely hue to the cold analysis. The basis of the novel is a profound truth: every wish of the human heart, every sensuous or spiritual gratification, every desire accomplished, every enthusiasm realized, is just so much abstracted from the sum total of vitality: just so much the 'magic skin' skinks, shrivels, withers in the hand, grows smaller and smaller: the glimmering taper must sooner or later exhaust the oil. Through what tragedy and incident all this is wrought out, the reader—whose own 'magic skin' must decrease just so much in that act—must find out for himself. Life is a series of granules—of aims, objects, ambitions,—as definitely exhaustible as the granules in an hour-glass; and how marvellously one slips down after the other, the 'Peau de Chagrin' exhibits in masterly fashion.

"The Poetry of the Future"†

MR. DAVIDSON's principal idea as to 'The Poetry of the Future,' is that it will discard measured verse and terminal rhyme, its line and stanza respectively corresponding to the sentence and the paragraph in prose; but that it will, unlike the poetry of Whitman, retain the rhythmical foot. The essayist finds the current notion of the foot entirely wrong. It consists, he says, of 'one accented syllable preceded—in every case except the mone or foot of one syllable—by one, two, or three unaccented syllables.' The only true English feet, according to his theory, are the iambus, anapest, fourth

pæon, and 'mone' (consisting of one strong syllable). One is puzzled to know how he gets a fourth pæon, which is simply a pyrrhic and an iambus, while excluding the pyrrhic. He undertakes with these to scan naturally, as it would be rendered by a cultivated reader, all English poetry; getting over any difficulty presented by what we have been accustomed to call a hypercatalectic verse, by classing the extra syllable as 'in almost every instance part of the next foot, which is usually but erroneously held to begin with the line.' A few instances, of the nature of double rhyme, occurring at the close of a system, cannot, he admits, be thus disposed of; 'then we hold that such close is faulty or inartistic.'

The author proceeds to take up in order, with much scorn, the 'exuviæ' and 'quasi feet'—aiming to prove that the trochee and dactyl do not really exist at all, and that the spondee and pyrrhic are monstrosities. His manner of dealing with the trochee will illustrate his method. He reads a passage of trochaic verse—the example chosen is a stanza from 'A Psalm of Life,'—carries the last syllable of the first and third lines on into the first foot of the following line, and scans the passage as iambic. This, of course, leaves him with an extra syllable at the beginning of the first and third lines; when he promptly brings the 'mone' to the rescue—and behold, the trochee is driven from the field! Although the 'mone,' under another name, and the neglect of linear division in scanning, have the sanction of Poe, it is hard to see the advantage of thus robbing Peter to pay Paul. Mr. Davidson is especially severe on the verse of 'Hiawatha'; it is not trochaic, he thinks; it is, if anything, iambic; but not even by making the first foot a mone and splicing the last syllable on to the beginning of the next line, can it be read as iambic without placing the accent on prepositions. This is sad—particularly as there would be no trouble in reading the lines quoted intelligently as trochaic, varied by an occasional pyrrhic. But the pyrrhic is a monstrosity; certainly, therefore, Mr. Longfellow was much to blame. So was Milton—who might, it is here suggested, have avoided the use of pyrrhics, had he not been 'in too great a hurry.' It is just to state that the author's scanning of a quotation from 'The Bride of Abydos' is preferable to Poe's; yet this fact need not lead him, in elation, to conclude that 'there is not and cannot be a dactylic rhythm in English.' Granted the 'mone' and liberty to ignore linear division, we shall willingly read 'Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise,' as trochaic; but we shall not therefore rashly assume that there is not, and cannot be, an iambic rhythm in English.

Recent Fiction

'A VIRGINIA INHERITANCE,' by Edmund Pendleton, has almost every fault that a story can have. The plot is as familiar as the willow-pattern on a china plate; the characters are as inevitable as the family one purchases with a Noah's ark, and about as human; the action is that of the royal marionettes; and the conversation as inconsequential as either end of a telephone dialogue. And yet, notwithstanding all this, there are in the writer's style certain qualities which could not have got there if he were not clever, and which being there make us wish that he did know something about men and women,—how they act and what they say. For granted this knowledge, we feel sure he could tell a good story in a very witty way. 'A Virginia Inheritance' is about a New York lawyer who went South on business, met a girl and an old darkey and brought the family North, and did a lot of other things that Mr. Habberton has told about in his charming 'Bructon's Bayou.' If time and study should supply Mr. Pendleton with the power of close and correct observation of the social elements and fidelity in their reproduction, he himself can furnish a 'fetching' style which will land him among successful writers of fiction. (\$1; paper, 50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

'THE SILENT WITNESS,' by Mrs. J. H. Walworth, is as copiously freighted with the raw materials of romance and crime as ever Capt. Kidd's flagship was. The tale would probably be classed as a detective story, were it for no better reason than that there is no detective business about it; but there is a much stronger reason

* The Magic Skin (La Peau de Chagrin). By H. de Balzac. Translated by Miss Wormley. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.
† The Poetry of the Future. By James Wood Davidson. New York: John B. Alden.

for such a classification—namely, that if the detective had been allowed to persevere, there would have been no story. But we must not be too critical in this regard, or we shall find ourselves caviling next at some profoundly analytical 'love'-story because it shows only why two people hated each other, at some delightful history because what it records never really occurred, and at almost all novels because they are not new. Mrs. Walworth's story is of a crime, and tells of the complications into which a mysterious tragedy plunged a number of people. The narrative is good; and the interest in the mystery is well sustained, which is perhaps the chief desideratum in tales of this sort. One's preconceptions, however, do not escape without sundry shocks at the behavior of some of the people. For instance, our faith in the mutual confidence begotten of years of married life is a trifle dampened when we are told that Gregory Kendall and Catherine, his wife, mutually suspected each other of a murder which neither had committed, and that the husband's self-sacrifice in drawing suspicion upon himself awakened only the wife's scorn because she considered it cowardly in him not to have come to her and given her a chance of clearing herself. But, after all, it is perhaps the very presence of such examples of the 'human various' that makes the world of fiction such a delightful place to go to for an hour's vacation. (50 cts. Cassell's Rainbow Series.)

STORIES with a purpose have so often deceived that we are apt to 'fear the Greeks' even when displaying the colors of so delightful and sincere a man as Dr. E. E. Hale. But 'Mr. Tangier's Vacations' need not be mistrusted. A slight novelistic framework somewhat softens its instructive outlines. Mr. Tangier, an overworked man-of-affairs, is sent to the country by his physician. There he becomes deeply interested in the village and the social and educational life of its people. He starts a club-house, endows a library and founds a librarianship for it. These schemes to bring the villagers into closer social intercourse give Mr. Hale the text for a book in which he expounds the sensible, lend-a-hand theory of which he has long been a living embodiment. The book is full of wise suggestions; the rays of a sturdy optimistic light surround the author's head like the aureole of a modern Apollo. (50 cts. Roberts Bros.)—THE PROCESS of putting old wine into new bottles will probably go on so long as the novel exists as a form of literature. 'From 18 to 20' is a very old plot put into a very new book by a very young author. The work is crude; even its grammar is imperfect. The first paragraphs, for instance, confuse past and present tenses in a manner quite phenomenal. There are, properly speaking, no characters: the people of the story simply have conversations and actions attributed to them. There is about the heroine, however, a certain piquant freshness which is most likely a reflex of the author herself, as it is the only natural thing in the story. (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

AS ITS TITLE-PAGE announces to those who are able to decipher Roman numerals, '89,' by Edgar Henry, purports to be published in 1891—and its most critical events are supposed to have happened during the Presidential election on the eve of which we now are. This style of composition, which for want of a better name may be called the anticipatory ex-post-facto method, is always with us, and must possess a subtle advantage as a vehicle for political prophecy. As a story '89' is far from clever, but as a melange of economic and political views, it is curious and by no means unsuggestive. The book starts out with the partisanship of a special pleader, and ends by being as impartial as indiscriminate. Written ostensibly from the standpoint of an ex-Confederate, it sustains the right of the South to forcible secession, or, failing in that, to obtain the same end by peaceable means. Yet coupled with this is an attack upon Mr. Cleveland so bitter as to make Senator Ingalls's laurels turn green again with envy. The same breath which characterizes the North as a band of mercenary shopkeepers admits that the sole object of the South since 'reconstruction' has been to terrorize the Negro into political passivity—confessing even to the Ku Klux Klan. Such even-handed justice is baffling, and reminds one of those Chinese structures which, from whatever side they are approached, appear to lean the other way. (\$1.25. Cassell & Co.)

'TWO COLLEGE GIRLS,' by Helen Dawes Brown, is the story of the career of two young women in a university—Wellesley, for instance. The heroine—a singularly unattractive and provincial young woman, of that narrow experience and rigid integrity of nature typical of the better class of New England farmers—made her first exit from her little country village to take her examinations for what was really her entrance, not only to college, but to a broad and healthful life. There she met the hundred different types of people that make up the great world. Intellectual girls, rich and

fashionable girls, girls of all kinds, some of them immeasurably her inferiors in acquirements, and yet possessed of that nameless attraction which made them beloved of everybody, and which she herself so conspicuously lacked. To her chagrin she discovered that good scholarship was not the one standard of judgment, and that to be loved and honored it was not enough to have entered as Sophomore. For some months she nursed the natural prides which in her little New England village had seemed to her a pledge of her superiority, until her isolation became unbearable. Then she came to recognize the truth that without the grains of sweetness and humanity, learning will neither make a wise nor a happy woman. Her college-life was thus truly an education. There is some display of generous friendship in the book; some romantic attachments are formed; and to furnish a fitting denouement and give the tale an air of reality, the heroine marries her room-mate's brother. It is a clever little story, and we have no doubt that it is a faithful description of life in a girls' college; but as we read, we could not but be conscious of the emotional tendency of a woman's life even at its threshold, and to compare it with the sturdy healthfulness of a boy's college days. (50 cts. Ticknor & Co.)

IN 'THE ABBESS OF JOUARRE,' Ernest Renan has tried his hand at a drama. An authorized translation of the play, made by Georges Delon and James F. Rhodes, is published by G. W. Dillingham. We have found it not specially interesting, and with little of the charm of his studies of the Bible subjects. It opens in a French prison during the darkest days of the Revolution, and comes to an end when the old order of things has in a measure returned. Its purpose seems to be to show how needful is the sustaining spirit of religion; but one of Renan's delightful essays would have been far more effective in making us realize this.—'THE GAMBLER,' by Franc B. Wilkie (Chicago: S. S. Dennison), has, if we are to give faith and credit to the preface, a moral purpose. If such be its object, it proceeds upon the *similia similibus* theory, inculcating an abhorrence of vice by much the same method (though in English not nearly so correct) as that of the father who pointed out to his hopeful the over-fed hog at the county fair, with the remark, 'Admire, my son, but do not imitate!'—'THE ROMANCE of a Quiet Watering-Place' (Belford, Clarke & Co.) is the title of a novelette by Nora Helen Warddel. The book is inexpressibly vulgar, and is plentifully sprinkled with slang, italics and French phrases, and embellished with numerous illustrations suggesting in style a cross between a fashion-plate and an anatomical chart.

Minor Notices

A PAMPHLET on 'The Sonnet in America,' by J. C. Rowell, sets forth clearly the requirements of this form of verse, and declares that the mass of American sonnets do not conform to the proper standard, being 'irregular in form, trifling in subject, expositions of surface emotional experiences, or descriptions of not uncommon delights in the beauties displayed in the natural world.' The productions of American sonnet-writers, from Col. David Humphreys to the magazine poets of to-day, are rapidly reviewed, with appreciation or blame. The writer appears to have studied the ground faithfully. In style his essay is rather too florid. He has taken the pains to append an index of sonnets by American authors, found in the various magazines, 191 volumes having been examined. This index records 64 American sonnets as having appeared in THE CRITIC; R. H. Stoddard, Paul H. Hayne, R. W. Gilder, Charles de Kay, Helen Jackson, Emma Lazarus, and Edith M. Thomas, being among the poets represented. (Oakland, Cal.: Pacific Press Publishing-House.)—IN 'ALDEN'S Manifold Cyclopædia of Knowledge and Language' we have, judging from the first volume, which covers ground from A to America, an excellent work, combining in an unusually convenient form the characteristics of a cyclopædia and a dictionary. As it is confessedly based chiefly on Chambers's Encyclopædia and Stormonth's Dictionary, its compilation cannot have been difficult; and the remark in the preface, that 'it does not especially attempt originality,' strikes us as really a mild way of putting the facts. (John B. Alden.)

THE rich and varied religious experience mirrored in the Hebrew Psalter has endeared them to the Christian Church, even more than their literary beauty has commended them to lovers of poetry. In the desire to make their religious utterances practically available for the worship of the congregation, metrical versions of them have been repeatedly made, and that the translators and versifiers have not been at variance with the general taste and wish of the Church is proved abundantly by the wide use of these versions and the persistent demand for them. Dr. Abraham Coles has therefore ample support from history in undertaking 'A New Rendering of the Hebrew Psalms into English Verse.' Perhaps, however, the

circumstances of the time are not so favorable to it, as once they might have been. Modern hymn-books are a witness to the preference for modern hymns, so far as worship is offered under the forms of modern metre,—a phenomenon common to the English with other living tongues. Public taste in the matter of rhythm and melody has been greatly developed, and is hard to please by means of translations, which are necessarily hampered by the versification on one side, and the original meaning on the other. We look for a revival of Psalmody,—a thing greatly to be desired,—rather through versions which preserve as far as possible the original movement, and through a training of congregations in the chant,—one of the noblest forms of church music. Dr. Coles's book breathes a deep sympathy with this rich collection of sacred songs, and his introduction contains interesting remarks on the work of his predecessors in the same field, and many illustrations of the intimate tie that has always connected the Psalms with earnest spiritual life. (\$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.)

WE CALL it 'Old English Comedy;' yet is there in literature anything that has such perennial freshness and novelty as the 'old plays' of Sheridan, the farces of Vanbrugh and Colley Cibber, or the healthful, rollicking, sparkling dramas of Oliver Goldsmith? 'She Stoops to Conquer' and 'The Good-Natured Man'—what magic in the very names! It is these last two 'genteel comedies' which have just appeared, with all their pristine beauty, in the new edition of Bohn's Select Library. The price of this little volume is very moderate indeed, and it is gotten up in the most convenient fashion. With some spreading tree for a theatre, 'a mossy bank' for an armchair, and a babbling brook for the orchestra, we twist it out of the pocket of our lounging jacket and construct the play ourselves. Olivia and Honeywood, Miss Richland and Croaker, Tony Lumpkin and Kate Hardcastle—they all pass before us, bubbling over with laughter, with anger, with jest or rascality, as the case may be. When one can carry his stage-properties about in his pocket, and put up for an afternoon stand on any inviting hillside or in any shady nook, he is dependent on no man for entertainment. (60 cts. Scribner & Welford.)—THE NEW YORK MIRROR ANNUAL for 1888 is the first publication of a directory of the theatrical profession which it is intended to issue annually. It is edited by Harrison Grey Fiske, and is certainly exhaustive if nothing else. It contains a chronological dramatic record for the past year; its necrology, with lithographs of the more illustrious dead, such as Raymond, Sheridan, Aimée, Alice Oates and Jenny Lind; a dramatic bibliography; a list of the stars, combinations and stock-companies of the season of 1887-8; then the 'directory,' a copious general index, and incidentally a chapter (with the act annexed) on the Interstate Commerce Law. As a book of reference, managers and 'professionals' must find the 'Annual' indispensable. (\$1. The New York Mirror.)

"American English"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The tone of the timely and practical article on 'American English' by Mrs. Alice P. Carter is in admirable contrast to that of a sketchy paragraphist in one of last Sunday's papers, who coolly ends a sneering account of his English host's tastes and habits by admitting that, after all, the titled class in England speak almost as good English as the average New Yorker.

As an Englishman I must take exception to your correspondent's specimen Briton who said, 'Hif there his hany hair to be 'ad, we 'ave it 'ere.' The man is a myth; he never 'flourished,' nor does he now. The *h*-less Britisher we have with us always; his name is legion; he abounds in 'Noo Yark'; but he never was sinner enough to clap his sparse *h*'s at the head of words that do not call for *h*emphasis. We Britons don't like to be slaves to even the wholesomest rules of grammar, but we don't abuse our freedom or waste precious breath by scattering our aspirates over common words, such as 'hif,' 'his,' or 'hany.' We reserve our *h*-force to accentuate our pardonable growls at equally pardonable *h*ignorance of a simple *h*explanation.

Mrs. Carter refers to 'our [American] almost universal use of what we may call the short *a*, ins'ancing 'aunt' and 'can't.' This holds good of the provinces in England. The broad vowel sound is of cockney origin. But I think a more striking peculiarity in New Yorkese is the long *a*. An eminent counsel waxed eloquent in my hearing about some *apparattus* in a naytional bank; and a learned university professor told me of a certain *saytire*. Both gentlemen being perfectly *raytional* at the time, I *umblly* laid the lesson to heart.

Mr. Howells seemed scarcely successful in phoneticising the local peculiarity in such words as *chuyck*. The newsboys cry the wô-ild *Wô-ild* with a painfuller success, almost rivalling that of the

local bookseller who tangled my wits into a headache before I found out that his (as I thought) local author 'Stô-in' was our old friend of the 'Sentimental Journey.'

Mrs. Carter will, I hope, be willing to suspend the sentence of extinction threatened for our 'unintelligible' English dialects. The provincial brogue may be ugly (it is not always so), but it embalms much hidden treasure. The villagers in a place mapped as Odell call it *Wuddle* in their jargon, and get laughed at for their lack of sweetness and light. But in the old days it was known as Woodhill, for the very prosaic reason that the hillside has a wood on it, and superfine culture must answer for the change to a meaningless name.

An English ear is a bit jarred by what is probably not pedantry so much as timidity. The average American cannot bear to be singular, so he follows the patriarchs and pedagogues in their stiff habit of giving every letter and syllable its full value. The *ham* in Sandringham is as important to him as the whole of the royal mansion. He *glow-ries* in the *for-tune* he has *ben* making. New Yorkers are probably too jealous of Boston to pronounce 'been' properly, like 'bean.' One would not go so far as to claim that 'English as she is spoke' at home is rule-perfect, but it certainly has easier egress from the lips of the Briton than from those of the American, speaking generally. We learn much from American conversation, but nothing so wonderful as from the newspapers. What does Mrs. Carter say to New York journals of the first rank pertrapping the following 'unintelligibilities' in capital letters: ARCOFAZITICA, by John Milton, 'AURORA LEHIGH, by Mrs. Browning,' and criticisms on the 'ENEAD' and the works of 'the Bard of RHYDAL MOUNT'?

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.

ARGUS.

The Lounger

HAVING PROVED, by due process of law, that her Roe is a literary hero of greater prowess and popularity than New York's, and that even if his publishers admit, by implication, the superior fame of his Eastern namesake, the Western writer is a bigger man by half. Chicago now calmly claims the rising reputation of a younger fictionist, who comes upon the field just as the Rev. Mr. E. P. Roe abandons it. Mr. James Lane Allen, 'A Southerner' whose descriptive articles on Kentucky, short stories of the Blue Grass region in *Harper's* and *The Century*, and occasional essays in THE CRITIC, reveal the touch of a hand that has not mistaken its vocation, is the sufferer in the present instance. There is a James Lane Allen in Chicago, it seems, who is generally accepted in that city as the author of the sketches and studies which have appeared in the magazines over his namesake's signature. He is a lawyer by profession; but last spring he came out as a lecturer on the Negro and his literature, etc., and in a notice of his achievements in that kind in the *Inter-Ocean*, received a further tribute for his supposed writings. The *Detroit Free Press* recently complimented him, I believe, on that delightful article on the Trappist Monastery, with which the August *Century* opened. What gives color to his pretence—if he has actually made such a pretence in his own behalf—is the fact that he comes from Kentucky. He is, too, a kinsman of the author whose laurels, present and prospective, show an unhappy tendency to settle upon his brow.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Mr. Allen the lawyer is meditating a novel of Kentucky life prompts Mr. Allen the writer to call attention to the duality of these twain. The writing of Kentucky fiction is something which he himself has deliberately chosen as no small part of his life-work, while he has no evidence that the Chicago lawyer ever thought of writing such fiction—or of writing at all—till the authorship of the Kentucky essayist and story-writer's productions began to be ascribed to him. Mr. Allen No. 1 has not so greatly objected to Mr. Allen No. 2's foraging on his grass, but that he should have to feed on *his*—that is another affair! The James Lane Allen with whom the reading public has to do is a Kentuckian whose legal obligations and relations make him at home in New York, but who for the past three years has been in Kentucky (chiefly at Lexington), which is his field and workshop.

I HAD HOPED to read in THE CRITIC this summer a number of letters from England by Wm. H. Rideing, the paper's Boston correspondent, who has been sojourning in his native country for several months; but he writes to the editor that, much as he wanted to write them, he has been unable to find time to do it. The summer abroad has been persistently wet and cold, but Mr. Rideing and his wife have had many delightful experiences. Last month they were comfortably housed in a quaint old farmhouse in the heart of Surrey, with George Manville Fenn and his wife as their guests. Mr. Fenn was collaborating with his host on a novel

of English and American life. The house in which they worked together is a restored fragment of an old monastic grange connected with the famous Abbey of Waverley. The Rideings were to sail for home in the City of New York last Wednesday.

MR. JOHN BIGELOW writes to me:—'My wife has just sent me a copy of an undated letter of Jane Carlyle, which she made from the original in the hands of the lady to whom it is addressed, and with whom she has been staying. It has occurred to me that you might think it worth publishing. Mrs. Daubeny was a great friend of Mrs. Carlyle; she resides now at Brighton, England, and is the widow of a descendant of that D'Aubigné who was the great and wise friend of Henri IV. of France.'

DEAR MRS. DAUBENY:—I shall be delighted to go to you on the 17th if I be spared (as they say in the cautious little country I came from)—an 'if' brought home to my business and bosom by some three months of colds, one on the back of another, and consequent impossibilities and disappointments. Summer seems really come at last, however, and I have all along looked forward to summer for deliverance. My husband, I regret to say, is lost in his books beyond redemption; and it has long been clear to me that the only thing I can do with him is to let him *well* alone. If you are fortunate enough to have your own way, you would think I should make a struggle at least to have mine, but when one knows oneself sure of being defeated, it is best to make a merit of necessity, is it not? and let a man travel his own road in peace. Geraldine comes home to-day, if all goes well. You who have a carriage might, without much inconvenience, let me see you now and then, and I should be grateful. The sight of a *kind face* does me a world of good always, and if it be a pretty one at the same time, it is the welcomer for that. Yours truly,

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON.

JANE CARLYLE.

IN ONE of a recent series of letters, describing in detail a pedestrian tour of the Catskills, a correspondent of the *Herald* spoke of having encountered in the heart of the mountains a native who rejoiced (more or less) in the name of Am-I-the-Lord's. This was given as a 'solemn fact,' but the solemn fact is that the gentleman's name is not Am-I-the-Lord's, but Loami Lord. He is a well-known character in the Southern Catskills, and I have heard an amusing anecdote of him from the lips of a distinguished clergyman who frequents that part of the State. One day Loami was found in a state to which no one was ever known to be reduced by a glass of water (the beverage with which he refreshed the *Herald* correspondent), and being aroused from his torpor, exclaimed in the hearing of the strangers who had shaken him into his senses, 'O Lord, am I Loami Lord? and if I am not Loami Lord, Lord, who am I?'

MR. C. SADAKITSCH HARTMANN, a gentleman who attracted some attention in Boston, a year ago, by an attempt to launch a 'Walt Whitman Society' on an unprepared world, and whose mere name (a part of it is now spelt 'Sadakichi') may be relied upon to save him from obscurity, is in the field again with a four-page circular, issued from the Hub, in which he asks his fellow-townsmen to become interested in a series of nine dramas, comedies and farces, from his Japanese-German pen, which will be put upon the stage in November, 'under distinguished patronage.' Not all of the plays are original. One is translated from Brachvogel, and another from Heyse; a third is Henrik Ibsen's. Among those written by 'C. S. H.' (as the 'Repertoire' has it) are 'Abraham Lincoln,' 'Othello' and 'Boo-Ba,' the last-named being a Japanese comedy in three acts. Mr. Hartmann is to be the chief actor in this series of representations, and 'the best artists of Boston' will make music after each of them. 'Without aspiring to be ranked among the historical dramas of our literature,' the 'Abraham Lincoln' shows us the president in some of the most eventful days of his life. A list of these eventful days is given in the circular; it includes, of course, the day of his assassination.

IN VIEW of the importance to the American stage of the event now pending at Union Hall, I make no apology for quoting the condensed autobiography which 'C. S. H.' prefixes to the 'argument' of his plays:

MR. C. SADAKITSCH HARTMANN, who will shortly bespeak the dramatic attention of Bostonians, was born in Nagasaki, Japan, his mother being a native of that country, his father a German. Among his relatives he can boast of names like Mme. Rachel, the greatest actress of France. The story of Mr. Hartmann's life is a most interesting one, and has often attracted the attention of novelists and other literary craftsmen. He was educated in Germany. Placed in a military school, he ran away and came to this country, penniless and without knowing the language. Having decided talent as an artist, he was able to find a living, after a time, by lithographing and mechanical drawing. Subsequently, however, he took to his pen and wrote for the newspapers

and other periodicals. Having devoted his life to the study of art, in particular the dramatic art, he found it necessary to undertake several trips to Europe and to study in the most prominent theatres of Germany, Belgium and France, and has only lately returned from a short trip to the principal cities of England.

The Magazines

W. H. MALLOCK opens *Scribner's* for September with 'Scenes in Cyprus,' profusely illustrated from his own camera. Mr. Mallock remarks that he has written as an impressionist rather than as an antiquarian, and hopes that he has conveyed some idea of the charm of the famous but neglected island. His readers will unanimously agree that he has done so. The Hon. Hugh McCulloch's 'Memories of Some Contemporaries,' although many persons may find the reminiscent statesman somewhat conservative in his ideas, fulfill the promises that have been made for them; we are given many an interesting glimpse of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson; of Chase, Fessenden, Henry Ward Beecher, Marshall, Grant, Sheridan, Hancock, McClellan, and the other stalwarts whose lives were the life of the nation twenty-five and thirty years ago. The articles on the evolution of the railway are continued in Gen. Horace Porter's 'Passenger Travel,' of which the Scribners are making a veritable 'Romance of the Nineteenth Century.' The fourth part of Henry James's 'A London Life' appears; as do also additional chapters of F. J. Stimson's 'First Harvest.' H. C. Bunner contributes the one short sketch in fiction, in his 'Second-Hand Story,' founded on a second-hand Psalm-book which he picked up at an old stall for fifteen cents. Gustave Kobbé has a 'timely' paper on 'Presidential Campaign Medals,' with numerous historical specimens; and 'The Modern Greeks' are placed in the vision of our mind's eye by Thomas D. Seymour. Mr. Stevenson writes 'A Letter to a Young Gentleman who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art,' and Will H. Low has a kindred letter to the same fortunate young man. The advice in both papers is very good—but it is so easy to give advice! The number is very rich in poetry. 'A Summer Evening,' by James Herbert Morse, is exceptionally beautiful. The other contributors to this department are Percival Lowell, with his sonnet on 'Fuji: the Sacred Mountain,' Nora Perry, Col. T. W. Higginson and Edith M. Thomas.

The Century for August makes a novel departure from the ordinary lines of its policy, and devotes its pages mainly to educational and kindred themes, but still manages to impart even to this rather dry material much of its peculiar literary flavor. The keynote of the issue is struck in the frontispiece, a spirited portrait of Edward Thring, which accompanies the sketch of Uppingham, 'an ancient school worked on modern ideas,' from the pen of George R. Parkin, whose text is illuminated with the most delicate artistic illustrations. Other papers in a similar vein are 'The Industrial Idea in Education,' by Charles M. Carter; 'The University and the Bible,' by T. T. Munger; 'Women who go to College,' by Arthur Gilman; Topics of the Time on 'Modern Collegiate Education' and 'Individuality in Teaching,' and (collaterally) 'College Fraternities,' by John Addison Porter, which calls forth a note from President Seelye, pronouncing a favorable judgment on fraternity life at Amherst. Those who read last month James Lane Allen's paper on the Kentuckian Monastery of the Trappists have in the present issue an additional pleasure offered them by the same writer, who uses the home of the silent brotherhood as a background for the most picturesque, beautiful and impassioned story that has appeared in our periodicals for many a day. 'The White Cowl' is its name, and a burning heart and brain beneath the benumbing vesture is its motive. We prophesy enduring work from the hand that penned the dramatic simile at the end of Father Palemon's confession 'in the hushed silence of the great bare chamber,' and such a tragic human picture as the death of the poor, bruised monk, whose breath went out even before the crucifix with the name of 'Madeline' upon his lips. The fiction of the number is continued in T. A. Janvier's 'Mexican Campaign,' and 'The Mountaineers about Montague,' a character study in dialect, by Martha Colyar Roseboro, a name new to our ears. George Kennan writes of Russian 'Exile by Administrative Process,' Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has a monograph on Edward Rowland Sill; Simon Pease Cheney an ornithological paper on 'Bird Music'; E. S. Starr one on 'Doves'; and A. C. Gordon an article called 'Hard Times in the Confederacy.' Edward S. Holden's second instalment of 'Siderial Astronomy—Old and New' appears here, and the Lincoln History by Nicolay and Hay is continued. Walt Whitman has a few lines in his characteristic and best manner, 'Old Age's Lament Peaks' (pathetic cadences); Eugene Ashton four lovely verses called 'Star Tears'; Wm. H. Hayne four more, equally lovely, on 'Waves and Mist'; and John Vance Cheney a number of songs.

The admirers of 'But Yet a Woman' and 'The Wind of Destiny' will welcome with zest the opening chapters of Arthur Sherburne Hardy's new romance in *The Atlantic*. It is called 'Passe-Rose' after its heroine—a wilful, passionate little foundling, whom one Werdric, a gold-beater of Maestricht, returning from the fair, finds asleep under the shelter of a wooden cross and brings home to his childless wife. There are great possibilities in this capricious waif and stray, and we have faith enough in her creator to know that the tale to which she lends her name will be a consummate work of art. After 'Passe-Rose,' the contribution that claims our interest is Lillie Wyman's sympathetic 'Studies on Factory Life: Among the Women,' the burden of whose song is implied in a quotation from Edward Atkinson, anent the need 'for rich men to find out how poor men live.' Julia C. R. Dorr has another travelling paper, this time on 'A Week in Wales'; 'Boston Mobs before the Revolution' is the title of a contribution from Dr. A. P. Peabody; and William C. Lawson adds the second part of his essay on 'The Prometheus of Æschylus.' H. C. Merwin writes a short sketch of Daniel Drawbaugh, the *soi-disant* inventor of the telephone. 'Home Life of the Redstart' is one of Olive Thorne Miller's breezy bird papers. Other articles are the 'First Year of the Continental Congress,' by John Fiske; 'Mistah Fahmah,' a short story by Frances E. Wadleigh; and 'Stories from the Rabbis,' by Abram S. Isaacs. In the third paper on 'Boston Painters and Paintings,' Wm. H. Downes treats of the new impetus given to art by the work of Fuller, Hunt, the wonderful Rimmer, Tom Robinson and John B. Johnston. Craddock's 'Despot of Broomsedge Cove,' like the brook, seems likely to run on forever.

In his article on 'What Shall the Public Schools Teach?' Prof. Boyesen in the current *Forum* throws a bomb into the midst of the pedagogues, by his characterization of our public school system as antiquated, inadequate and defective. This is what he says: 'I expect to meet with much opposition, when I declare my conviction that our public school system will sooner or later have to be radically remodelled. It is an academic system—a university curriculum on a restricted scale—similar in kind, differing only in degree. The culture which it imparts is academic, and has but small reference to the life which the great majority of the pupils will have to lead. It kindles an ambition in them which, in nine cases out of ten, is destined to be disappointed, and engenders, as a consequence, discontent and disaffection toward the State, which fails to satisfy the expectations it has aided in arousing.' In another paper Bishop Huntington, on 'Causes of Social Discontent,' endeavors to account, and suggest remedies, for the 'restlessness, financial upheavals, commercial disasters, unwholesome depressions and needless impoverishment to which we are subject.' Other papers are on 'The Republican Platform,' by Senator Blackburn; 'Progress from Poverty,' by Edward Atkinson; 'Distrust of Popular Government,' by the Marquis of Lorne, and 'Religious Gain from Science,' by the Rev. T. T. Munger, who holds that while 'science is of immense help in the search after truth,' truth itself 'still remains in the hands of religion, and always will remain there.'

Whatever Andrew Lang does he is pretty sure to do charmingly; but while his paper in the current *New Princeton Review* on 'Literary Anodynes' has all his characteristic traits of lightness, brightness, and witchery, it is too partisan in its tenor to meet with universal approval. It is the old fight over realism and romanticism again; and, needless to add, Mr. Lang enters the lists to do battle for romance. 'Pour out the nepenthe, in short, and I shall not ask if the cup be gold chased by Mr. Stevenson, or a buffalo-horn beaker brought by Mr. Haggard from Kukuana-land, or the Baron of Bradwardine's Bear, or the "cup of Hercules" of Théophile Gautier, or merely a common café wine-glass of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey's or M. Xavier de Montépén's. If only the nepenthe be foaming there,—the delightful draught of dear forgetfulness,—the outside of the cup may take care of itself; or to drop metaphor, I shall not look too closely at an author's manner and style, while he entertains me in the dominion of dreams.' This is very prettily put, and very good in its way; but every man's labor does not lie in the library, as does Mr. Lang's, and what is his work is most men's recreation. But the Bishop of Ripon has recently borne tribute to the usefulness of the 'novel with a purpose,' and he will find more converts than Mr. Lang. Our essayist in his wanderings goes a little out of his way to rap M. Daudet vigorously over the knuckles; yet M. Daudet has so summed up the merits and demerits of this eternal controversy on schools in fiction that most of us, who are neither *neri* nor *bianchi*, will thank him for that if for nothing else: 'There are no groups, no schools; there are individualities and talents, that is all!' And why shouldn't one read Scott and Balzac, Dumas and Daudet, or Howells and Gaboriau, as the fancy fits? As for ourselves we can pick up anyone of these at random, and be thrilled with various delight. Henry F. Randolph, in an article on

'Pessimism and Recent Victorian Poetry,' remarks that 'Pessimism is clearly susceptible of the division into intellectual and personal.' It is the former which the writer marks as a dominant note in our poetry, dating from the year 1850, 'the date at which the term evolution was first used in a philosophic sense.' In illustration he cites the poetry of Matthew Arnold and James Thomson.

'Can Such Things Be?'—and parenthetically we express a hope to the contrary—is the title of the hideous psycho-physiological study which C. E. L. Wingate contributes as the complete novel to *Belford's* for September. A prospectus sent us not long ago announced the fact that this study was to be on a theme never before broached in literature, which is true and untrue at the same time. If our memory serves us, a vivified corpse is not a novel protagonist, in fiction, but as far as we know, Mr. Wingate can claim originality for his 'galvanic' treatment of his motive. The author—unconsciously to himself, perhaps—has Mr. Stevenson to thank for suggestions for the diabolism of John Dunbarton, and Mary Shelley also. But this looking for moles in other people's eyes is an ungracious task, and the reader is in the author's debt for a thrilling tale. We suggest it to Mr. Lang, who cries out for one hour of nepenthe in each twenty-four. 'The Nude in Art' and 'The Nude in Literature'—we had almost written it 'The *Dude* in Art' and 'The *Nude* in Literature,' and it would have served as well—were two of the headings of the editor's sprightly editorials. Donn Piatt slashes about this month like the giant of the Morgante Maggiore, and woe betide the Orlando who falls in with him. We should hardly betray our real feelings with quite the incontinence he here displays; but we confess to some admiration for his daring, and from behind the covert of his shield are disposed to gloat over his victims. Our possible future President and Anthony Comstock, when our genial editor is through with them, assume very much the appearance of Ludovicus Rex in Thackeray's caricature—only the evolution is inverted. It is not the scarecrow in his robes, but the King stripped of his garments, that the editor presents to his readers.

Current Criticism

MR. ARNOLD AS A CRITIC OF AMERICA.—It is amazing that a man whose reputation was early gained as a student of Greek letters should have failed to see the close resemblance between the life of to-day in the United States and that of Greece in the time which Mr. Arnold so much admired. The American monarch is King Demos, the fierce democracy whose elder brother banished Aristides and gave Socrates the hemlock. Yet under that monarch's rule exists the same seriousness of purpose which underlies the life of Greece. This fact Mr. Arnold wholly failed to know and understand. His criticism of American life was like that of the man who would take the coarseness of the comedies of Aristophanes, hold it up and say, 'This is Greek;' not recognizing, as Plato, a greater critic and philosopher than Matthew Arnold, did, in Aristophanes, that 'the Graces have selected his mind as their constant habitation.' The allusions, remarks and conversation of Americans which so puzzled Arnold are like the puzzling phrases of Aristophanes, 'purely local, local political and ephemeral.' Underneath lies the real American nature, which recognizes itself as using Aristophanic methods as 'legitimate means for producing ends consonant to patriotism, reason and true morality.' In failing to understand this, Mr. Arnold failed as a critic of America; but his voice as a critic is now stilled, and he now perhaps knows how ephemeral is even the voice of a well-meaning critic of human destiny, which, in the United States, is working itself out with wisdom and warm-blooded, quick-flowing human intelligence.—*Philadelphia Daily News*.

LITERARY PENSIONS TO THE RICH.—A week or two ago I alluded to what seems to me the very undesirable practice of authors continuing to accept pensions from the Civil List when they no longer need them, but are in receipt of large incomes from their books. As cases in point I cited Lord Tennyson and the late Mrs. Craik. A correspondent now writes to call my attention to Mrs. Oliphant's statement that Mrs. Craik's pension 'was, from the period of her marriage, religiously set aside for those in her own walk of literature who needed it more than herself.' I am asked whether I do not think that this explanation alters the case. Frankly speaking, I do not. The manner in which a pensioner expends a pension is not to the point. The sole question is the initial right to the pension. The amount of money at the disposal of the First Lord of the Treasury for these pensions is very small; it is expressly limited to 1,200*l.* in new grants yearly. In view of the large number of legitimate demands upon the fund, it is essential that pensions should neither be originally granted to nor subsequently retained by persons who do not need them. To establish a practice to the con-

trary is a violation of the resolutions of Parliament on the subject, and the matter should be brought before the House of Commons in the ensuing Session. The interests of literature demand it quite as much as those of public economy. Mrs. Oliphant goes on, I see, to say that a Civil Service pension is 'the only symbol by which it may be divined that literature is of any value in the eyes of the State.' This of course is a mistake. What was Lord Tennyson's peerage for? And only yesterday were we not told that 'a silver medal had been conferred upon Mr. Lewis Morris, with the permission to wear it on all public occasions?' One has only to look down the Pension List to see that the pensions are not given solely for literary merit as such, but for literary merit *plus* pecuniary necessity.—'X. Y. Z.', in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

WHAT IS NEEDED IN FICTION.—Very great skill and art may be expended in drawing people exactly like our tormented and bewildered selves, with experience like our own; but this art will give us neither joy nor any rest. A person who is yet young enough to feel the distresses of the heart, and who is actually feeling them, will hardly be able to read a novel in which these regrets and disasters are too minutely studied, in which he sees his own tortured face as in a glass. He will want something very different, as Carlyle felt the need of Marryat's novels in the literary misfortune of his life. The course of things at present makes for disorder and unhappiness. Nobody but the stormy petrels of our race can enjoy this. We are driven, perforce, to the shores of old or new romance, and are compelled to care less for the feelings and emotions and thoughts of fictitious characters, than merely for a sequence of exciting events. We are concerned, in fiction, with what happens, if it be forcibly described, rather than with what is suffered or thought by the fictitious persons of the tale. Happily, the world is well supplied with books in which plenty of unusual events are made to happen with sufficient frequency and lack of verisimilitude. From the *Odyssey* to 'The Arabian Nights,' from those to 'Don Quixote,' to Sir Walter Scott, to Dumas, to Mr. Stevenson, to the 'Mystery of the Hansom Cab,' if you please, or to 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' there be records enough of the deeds that never were done.—*Andrew Lang*, in *New Princeton Review*.

THE VOICE OF NIAGARA.—In an article on 'Niagara Falls,' an evening paper observes, anent the mighty roar of its waters: 'One can never forget the effect of listening to this mighty voice for the first time, nor is it an unpleasant sound which assails the ear. The roar is positively musical, they say, and a few years ago a distinguished American organist spent a long time in studying it, and trying to learn the measure and compass of its tones. He finally came to the conclusion that the deepest tone made by the falling cataract was that which would be produced by an organ pipe about 160 feet in length, and of proportionate dimensions as organ pipes are made. Now, 160 feet, which is about the height of the falls (this varies from 160 feet to nearly 180), is much longer than any organ pipe is made, and the sound emitted by such a pipe would not be sensible to us as a musical sound. Therefore our ears could not apprehend the music of the deepest tones; and as our ears are at fault, we give this deep-toned music such discordant epithets as noise and roar.' This story, according to one account, seems incorrectly stated. The organist in question suggested a sound not nearly three octaves below thirty-two feet C, but about F sharp below that note. The present writer tried to define the vast harmonic hum of the great waterfalls, and came to the conclusion that the task was all but hopeless, although a steady kind of tone seems to be maintained; and certainly the imagination might readily seize upon such a note as the authority in question named, but whether the indefinite sound could be described as of a foundation or upper partial tone character it would be impossible to say.—*London Musical World*.

'UNCLE REMUS' ON DIALECT IN FICTION.—The real trouble—that is the real cause of the 'burst of dialect'—is a misapprehension on the part of a great many writers as to the importance of dialect. They perceive that the magazines and the book-publishers are anxious to get hold of stories that teem with dialect, and they therefore conclude that dialect is the object in view—that it is the principal matter, so to speak. Back of the magazines and book-publishers are the syndicates that furnish stories to the newspapers, and a story that has dialect in it is generally acceptable to the syndicates, not because it has special merit as a story, but because it is made of dialect. Thus, in one way and another, the dialect business has assumed immense proportions in modern literature, and it is a matter of surprise to us that the writers thereof have not formed a dialect trust in order to bull the market. But the protest against it has good reason to go on. When a story is written merely for the sake of introducing dialect, the dialect becomes jargon, and

the result, so far as the reader is concerned, is disgust. We are at a loss to understand how, in this critical and final age, the term 'dialect story' could come to have any meaning. Properly speaking, there can be no such thing as a dialect story. Jargon may commend itself to publishers, but the dialect story has no existence. . . . In literature as in life, people must be natural. They must speak their natural language, and act out their little tragedies and comedies according to the promptings of their nature. Why not say that Shakspeare, and Thackeray, and Scott, and Dickens, and Lowell and Thomas Hardy are dialect writers? The truth is, there is no character in the mere jargon of dialect writing, but the speech of the common people is indispensable to the presentation of their character; and their character, properly presented, is worth more than all the so-called culture to be found in this country.—*Joel Chandler Harris*, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

A COLLEGEIAN'S VALEDICTORY.—As our college life is drawing to its close, we have for the first time a past behind us on which we may look back. Opportunities wasted, work neglected, sins of omission and of commission rising up to accuse us, it is not a very pleasant view for some of us. What would we not give to live this life over again? Freshman year, with all its follies; Sophomore year, with gay, idle recklessness; Junior year, when the truest friendships are formed, and the world begins to expand before our eyes; and Senior year, when all our joys are tinged with sadness—the year when men ask each other not, 'Where are you going to spend next summer?' but 'What are you going to do when you leave college?' For my part I cannot bear to think of leaving the dear old place. The world is all before me where to choose, I suppose, but my choice is not made, and the very vastness of the field overwhelms me. I could almost wish I were bound down, as some of us are, to a definite calling in life. As it is, my one aim now is to come back for another year. Perhaps it is a mere cowardly evasion, for the world must be faced sooner or later, but it seems to me that another year of study would be a most excellent preparation, and I know that I could spend it very pleasantly reading, writing and drinking in the spirit of the revival of learning, to which we all are looking forward when our new President takes the chair.—*Nassau Literary Magazine (Princeton)*.

Notes

THE QUAKER CITY, we hear, is to have a high-class juvenile paper similar to *The Youth's Companion* of Boston. It will be backed by solid Philadelphia business and professional men, and its management will be in the hands of practical people, including, for editor, a well-known writer for children. No names are yet announced, and the journal will not appear until every preliminary detail is carefully arranged. Already several leading writers and illustrators have been secured, and are at work on matter for its first number, which will appear early next year.

—Mr. John Habberton has written for *Lippincott's* a serial story called 'At Last: or, Six Days in the Life of a Governess.' It will run through six numbers. The Lippincott Co. have in print a cheap edition of the Brontë novels, uniform with the Handy Editions of Thackeray and Dickens.

—Messrs. Putnam are about issuing a second edition of Mr. Todd's 'Story of the City of New York.'

—The International News Co. have perfected arrangements with the publishers of *Paris Illustré* whereby that journal will appear weekly in America as in France. We congratulate the Company on their undertaking, and wish them success in it. The frontispiece of the *Illustré* is usually a print in colors, and scattered through its pages are many other illustrations, capably rendered, in black and white or in color. The text is as bright as the pictures.

—The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* states that the Empress Frederick has consented to permit Dr. Mackenzie to publish his statement of the case of the late Emperor.

—Mr. Edward Fuller, dramatic editor of the Boston *Post*, is in London, where he is about to publish through Samson, Low & Co. a book consisting of a series of critical articles, written by several well-known English and American critics of the drama, descriptive of the most important performances given in London, New York and Boston during the season of 1887-8. An American edition will be published in Boston, probably by Ticknor & Co.

—D. Appleton & Co. have ready 'The Mystery of the "Ocean Star,"' a collection of short maritime sketches by Clarke Russell.

—Mr. George W. Cable will open a series of readings at The Dalles, Oregon, on Monday (Sept. 10). From there he will go to California, reading in many of the large cities, three nights each be-

ing given to San Francisco and Oakland. He expects to resume the charge of the Tremont Temple Bible Class, at Boston, in October. Mr. Cable has been busy this summer with a new novel (now completed) of Creole life in Louisiana.

—Alphonse Daudet repels the charge that he wrote 'L'Immortel' in pique at being an unsuccessful candidate for the Academy. In the edition which makes the sixtieth thousand of his novel 'L'Immortel,' he inserts the following brief preface: 'The statements of various journals that 'L'Immortel' was the expression of a base feeling of revenge on the part of a defeated candidate, induce me to prefix to this new edition the letter I addressed to the *Figaro* five years ago: "I am not a candidate for the Academy, have never been, and shall never be."

—The critical world in England is divided against itself in regard to Eric Mackay's latest verses. His detractors denounce them as the veriest trash, while his admirers laud them to the skies. Mr. Mackay has always been much more popular in this country—where we may say he was discovered—than in his native land.

—Four comedies of Plautus, 'The Trinummus,' 'Menæchmi,' 'Aulularia' and 'Captivi,' will be comprized in the next volume in the Bohn Library.

—Vernon Lee' (Violet Paget), who has written a striking novel, several volumes on mediæval literature involving tremendous research, numerous thoughtful contributions to the periodicals, and several short stories, is but twenty-five years old. Her home is in Florence.

—William H. Hills has bought the half interest of Robert Luce in *The Writer*, the Boston magazine for literary workers, and is now the sole owner of the magazine. Mr. Hills has had almost the whole charge of the editorial conduct of the magazine for the past year.

—Among the works to be brought out this fall by the Scribners are Hugh McCulloch's 'Men and Measures of Half a Century,' Vol. VI. of Dr. Philip Schaff's 'History of the Christian Church' (constituting Vol. I. of the 'History of the Reformation'); 'A Tale of the Indian Mutiny; or, The Serpent Charmer,' by Louis Rousselet, with nearly 70 illustrations; 'Wild Men and Wild Beasts; or, Scenes in Camp and Jungle,' by Lieut. Gordon Cumming, also illustrated; a uniform edition of C. F. Holder's 'Marvels of Animal Life,' 'Living Lights,' and 'The Ivory King'; 'Dogmatic Theology,' by Prof. W. G. T. Shedd; Miss Henrietta C. Wright's new 'Children's Stories of the Great Scientists,' with full-page illustrations; and a new edition of the works of Donald G. Mitchell ('Ik Marvel') in eight volumes.

—Messrs. Scribner announce also 'Amos Kilbright: his Admittitious Experiences, with Other Stories,' a new edition of Headley's historical works; a uniform edition of James Baldwin's three 'Stories'—of the Golden Age, of Siegfried, and of Roland; 'The Five Talents of Woman,' by the author of 'How to be Happy Though Married;' and 'Little People and their Homes in Meadows, Woods, and Waters,' by Stella Louise Hook, illustrated by Dan and Harry Beard.

—Robert Browning, according to recent cable despatches, has purchased the Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice, a magnificent old pile—one of the grandest in that watery street of palaces called the Grand Canal,—and will spend a great deal of his time there in the future.

—Mr. L. J. B. Lincoln of the Deerfield Summer School, whose interesting lectures on American literature, delivered in this city last spring, were briefly reported in these columns, has prepared a supplementary course, and proposes to deliver the old series and the new in different parts of the country during the fall and winter. There are twenty lectures in all, and they are of a nature calculated to convey to their hearers a hearty interest in and love of the subject of which they treat.

—'The Last Voyage' of Lady Brassey, profusely illustrated, will be issued sumptuously in England this autumn. The last volume (VII.) of Lecky's 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century' is also announced to appear before November.

—Messrs. Chapman & Hall declare that within six months they have sold 158,000 copies of their shilling volumes of Carlyle.

—The August *Art Age* has for its supplement an admirable reproduction by the Forbes process, of a group of fox-hounds after a painting by H. R. Poore. Mr. Poore paints dogs as they are to be seen in real life, and does not give us the pin-cushion varieties that some of our older painters are fond of putting on canvas.

—Gen. Sheridan's preface to his memoirs consists of but four sentences. It is dated 'Nonquitt, Mass., August 2, 1888.' The manu-

script was given by the General to Col. S. E. Blunt, his Aide-de-Camp. It reads as follows:

When, yielding to the solicitations of my friends, I finally decided to write these memoirs, the greatest difficulty which confronted me was that of recounting my share in the many notable events of the last three decades in which I played a part, without entering too fully into the history of these years, and at the same time without giving to my own acts an unmerited prominence. To what extent I have overcome the difficulty I must leave the reader to judge. In offering this record, penned by my own hand, of the events of my life, and of my participation in our great struggle for national existence, human liberty, and political equality, I make no pretension to literary merit; the importance of the subject matter of my narrative is my only claim on the reader's attention. Respectfully dedicating this work to my comrades-in-arms during the War of the Rebellion, I leave it as a heritage to my children and as a source of information for the future historian.

—Charles E. Merrill & Co. announce that they have purchased the publishing rights, stereotype-plates and stock of 'La France,' a new French Reader written by Prof. A. de Rougemont, and heretofore published by The Writers' Publishing Co.

—Vol. I. of Brentano's Romantic Library, announced for next week, will contain 'Jettatura,' by Théophile Gautier; 'A Noble Sacrifice,' by Paul Féval, and 'The Black Pearl,' by Victorien Sardou. The second volume (Oct. 15) will contain 'The Indictment' and 'The Mass of an Atheist,' by Balzac, and Gautier's 'Militona,' translated from the French by Benjamin Lewis.

—Under the title of International Statesmen Series, edited by Lloyd C. Sanders, J. B. Lippincott Co. will begin early in September the publication of a series of biographical studies of the men who have influenced the social and political history of the world in all ages. The first volume is 'Lord Beaconsfield,' by T. E. Keble, author of a 'History of Toryism.' Among the others will be 'Viscount Palmerston,' by Lloyd C. Sanders; 'O'Connell,' by J. A. Hamilton; 'Prince Metternich,' by Col. G. B. Malletson, C.S.I.; 'Peel,' by F. C. Montague, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford; 'Lord Bellingbrooke,' 'William Pitt,' 'Charles James Fox,' 'The Marquis of Wellesley,' 'The Prince Consort,' 'Lord Dalhousie,' 'Earl Russell,' 'Lord Derby,' 'Prince Gortschakoff,' 'Gambetta,' and others.

—Frederick A. Stokes & Bro. announce for October 'Songs of Toil,' by Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania. They are translated by John Eliot Bowen, who has prepared for the volume a sketch of the life and work of the Queen.

—F. Warne & Co. are about to publish, in their Chandos Classics, an edition of Poe's poetical works edited by Mr. John H. Ingram, and containing many more poems than any previous collection. It will include 'every piece the authorship of which may be reasonably assigned to Poe, as also several cancelled or unpublished passages.' Many things have been 'reasonably assigned' to Poe, by 'experts,' too, which Poe never saw.

—Walter Scott, the London publisher, has just issued Wilson's 'Tales of the Borders,' uniform in size and style with the Camelot Series.

—Paul Bourget is at present sharing with Daudet the attention of 'tout Paris' for his essays on 'The Physiology of Love,' which are said to be in his most powerful and beautiful manner. As a stylist and word-painter, unless it be Daudet, M. Bourget has no peer in France. His books still appear under his well-known pen-name of Claude Larcher.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish next week 'The History of Tennessee,' by James Phelan; 'The Guardians,' an anonymous novel; 'Molly Bishop's Family,' by Catherine Owen; and 'Romances, Lyrics, and Sonnets,' by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, uniform with the 'Lyrics, Idyls, and Romances' from Browning's Poems, in one volume.

—Will Carleton's portrait is the frontispiece of this month's *Book Buyer*.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. announce 'Grass of Parnassus,' a volume of verses by Andrew Lang, selected from various sources, and 'Letters on Literature,' which will consist of reprints of letters (contributed by Mr. Lang to *The Independent*) in the style of his 'Letters to Dead Authors.'

—The London *Daily News* has interviewed M. Zola on the prosecution of his publisher, Vizetelly, in England:

'You ask me how the news affects me,' said M. Zola. 'I answer, Not so much as the touch of a feather. I am astounded to read to-day that thousands of copies of my works have been sold in your country. I never got a halfpenny for any of them, except one, and for that I only got 80*l.* out of a promised 120*l.* As to the suppression of my works in America, I get no more from America than from England. In fact, less, for I get just nothing at all.' 'But,' I asked the author, 'the books being your creations, do you not feel an attack upon them as in a way an attack upon yourself?' 'Ah, now you touch upon the moral question,'

replied M. Zola. 'I was speaking of the monetary; but I care very little either way. I have the vice in common with other Frenchmen of being self-sufficing. If anything, I am glad of the prosecutions. They will rally friends round me in France. People will ask what business has England, with her Shakespeare, her Byron, her Fielding, to set up a puritanical standard in literature. It will be a test case. My enemies here will see that the condemnation of my works implies the condemnation of the whole of French literature.'

—Mr. Francis Parkman is at work on the concluding volume of his series on the French colonization of America. It covers the period intermediate between the periods treated of in his 'Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.' and 'Montcalm and Wolfe.'

—A writer in *Blackwood's* says that the pages of the catalogue of the British Museum which are the most bethumbed are those headed Ruskin and Zola.

—Mr. Daniel G. Thomson, the new President of the Nineteenth Century Club, is a lawyer who is devoted to psychologic research. His books, of which the latest is 'The Problem of Evil,' are published by Longmans, Green & Co. both in New York and London. We believe that Mr. Thompson was the first American author whose books were issued on both sides of the Atlantic by the Longmans, but that firm is establishing itself here as an international house, like the Macmillans and Cassell & Co. Mr. Thompson is not as tolerant of quacks and cranks as was Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, and under his guidance the Nineteenth Century Club is likely to be more useful and quite as prosperous.

—A marble tablet bearing this inscription has been placed on No. 7 Rue du Montparnasse in Paris, 'Sainte-Beuve, poet and critic. Born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, Dec. 23, 1804, died in this house, Dec. 13, 1869.' The name of the author has been given to a new street running out from the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs.

—It is Mr. Hall Caine's intention to publish, by and by, the many letters written to him by the late D. G. Rossetti.

—The approaching publication of 'Norwood' reminds a newspaper correspondent that 'our representatives in Congress assembled, however they may create laws, have created little 'pure literature.' To be sure there is Cabot Lodge, with his lives of Webster, Washington and Hamilton; S. S. Cox, with his 'Search for Summer Sunbeams,' 'Divisions of a Diplomat,' 'Buckeye Abroad,' and the wonderful bit of descriptive writing which gave him his universal sobriquet; Foran of Ohio, who wrote a novel called 'The Toilers;' Long of Massachusetts, who has translated Vergil with some success; Gen. Hovey, of Indiana, who has rhymed somewhat of his native State; Lloyd Brice, who is responsible for the romance called 'In Paradise;' Senator Ingalls, once editor of *The Kansas Magazine*, who has been a frequent contributor to journalism; Blair of New Hampshire, the historian of the temperance movement in this country; and lastly, Daniel of Virginia, whose 'Daniel on Attachments'—not a 'lover's litanies,' by the way,—and 'Daniel on Negotiable Instruments' are recognized legal authorities. Indirectly, too, connected with literature, there is Burnett, of Massachusetts, who married James Russell Lowell's only daughter, and Mr. Barnes of Georgia (not 'of New York'), who hopes to earn the title of a man-of-letters by the publication of the curious epistles received by Congressmen.

—In a recent interview the wife of Gen. O'Beirne (born Brennan), with whose family the Poes once lived in the old house on the Bloomingdale Road, now destroyed, stated that the poet wrote 'The Raven' there and read the manuscript to the assembled family, and that there was at that time a bust of Pallas just above the chamber door.

—At the unveiling of the Burns statue in Albany on August 30, the following letter from Mr. Whittier was read:

I greatly regret that I am unable to avail myself of the invitation to be present at the unveiling of the statue of Robert Burns on the 30th inst. I yield to no one in admiration and love for the great singer whose songs have girdled the world with music, dear alike to the highest culture and the lowest poverty and toil. A born democrat, his independent thought, his ardent love of literature and hatred of tyranny in the State and bigotry and intolerance in the Church, as expressed in his life and in his immortal lyric,

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp;

The man's the gowd for a' that,'

give them the right to stand among our noblest and worthiest.

His songs of love and home and freedom are among the household treasures of Americans, loved in our halls of wealth and fashion and in the cabins of our miners and herdsmen from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Mexican frontier to northwest Alaska. Scotland may well be proud of her most illustrious son, but she will not forbid our adopting him. We take him to our hearts as he is, with the failings we regret, with the noble traits and marvellous gifts we honor. Suffice it that he is

Robert Burns the only! As such, if I may be allowed to repeat my words at his centennial,

'Be every fault forgiven
Of him in whom we joy;
We take, with thanks, the gold of Heaven
Even with the earth's alloy!
Thanks for the music as of Spring,
The sweetness as of flowers,
The song the bard himself might sing
In holier ears than ours!'

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1390.—Can any one recommend a good pantomime for amateur acting?

PHILADELPHIA.

C. M. L.

No. 1391.—Who wrote these lines?

1. In the great mystery which around us lies,
The wisest is a fool, the fool heaven-helped, is wise.
2. There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by.
3. The eternal mind
Who veils his glory with the elements.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

G. A. W.

No. 1392.—Do you know if there be such a work *in esse* or *in posse* as an attempt to popularize Molière's Comedies for English speaking children? It seems to me that I saw, some time since, a statement to this effect in *THE CRITIC*. But, on comparing careful notes with my memory, I begin to doubt.

NEW YORK.

J. D.

No. 1393.—1. What is meant by the 'Roostick War,' so frequently mentioned by the drunken guide in Lowell's *Mo-sehead Journal*? 2. Is Margaret Sydney the maiden name or merely the pseudonym of Mrs. Lothrop?

WILMINGTON, O.

J. B. W.

ANSWERS.

No. 1365.—The 'other guest that wintry night' was Miss Harriet Livermore, a strong-minded, erratic woman, with visionary notions of the advent of the Savior and the commencement of His reign in the Holy Land. She died in 1868, at the age of 80. She visited Palestine three times, and is said to have quarreled with Lady Hester Stanhope, who is alluded to in the same poem as the 'crazy Queen of Lebanon,' as to which of them should ride nearest to the Savior's person in His triumphant entry into Jerusalem. This story, however, is denied, and it is claimed that the two remarkable women never met. The friends of Harriet Livermore were not well pleased with Whittier's characterization of her. A very interesting account of Lady Hester Stanhope, by the way, is given in Kinglake's 'Eöthen.'

WILMINGTON, O.

J. B. W.

No. 1371.—2. Longfellow. 3. George Eliot. 4. Thomas Moore. 5. Robert Burns.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

G. A. W.

No. 1389.—Meredith's 'Ring of Amasis' is published by Harper & Bros. 12mo. \$1.50.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY.

G. M. J.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Amory, T. C.	Charles River	Cambridge:	John Wilson & Son.
Bates, A.	The Pagans	Boston:	Ticknor & Co.
Bolton, S. K.	Famous American Statesmen	T. Y. Crowell & Co.	
Eggleston, E.	History of the United States and its People.	\$1.25.	
Farmer, L. H.	Life of La Fayette	D. Appleton & Co.	
Fi her, L. H.	Figures and Flowers	Buffalo:	Moulton, Wenborne & Co.
Ginn, E.	Selections from Ruskin.	40c.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Grant, R.	Jack in the Bush	Boston:	Jordan, Marsh & Co.
Hugo, V.	Toilers of the Sea.	2 vols.	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Krauskopf, J.	The Service Ritual.	10c.	Phila.: J. H. Lippincott Co.
Lowndes, Mrs. S.	Both Sides of the River	E. & J. H. Young & Co.	
McKee, T. H.	Protection Echoes from the Capitol.	\$1.	Washington: McKee & Co.
Oswald, E. J.	The Dragon of the North	E. & J. H. Young & Co.	
Otis, J.	Little Joe.	\$1.	Boston: D. L. Thompson Co.
Scott, W.	Marmion.	10c.	Cassell & Co.
Sermon Bible, The.	Genesis to II. Samuel.	\$1.50.	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Smart, H.	Breeze Langton.	50c.	Chicago: T. S. Denison.
Teachers' Blue Book for the Public Schools of Ohio.	1887-8.		Dayton: Joseph Boyd.